

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday April 28. to Saturday May 5. 1705.

The True Church-Man's Litany.

FROM Whiggish Peers thy Church pre-
serve,
Who largely for themselves wou'd Carve,
And suffer us poor Souls to Starve.

Libera.

From Splay-Mouth with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd perhaps
By the Demensions of his Chaps;

Libera.

Whose Dog-Star Zeal, and Lungs like
Boreas,
Have Fought and Taught; and what's No-
torious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him Glorious.

Libera.

From the Curs'd Race of Forty One,
From Moderate Men, those Sons of Rome,
Protect our Gracious Queen and Crown.

Audi.

Grant none of Calvin's Calfs be chose,
The Church and Nations Good t' oppose,
To both Damn'd Covenanted Foes.

Audi.

Grant that those faithful Honest Men,
Call'd Tackers, may be Chose, and then
We'll hope to see good Times again.

Audi.

Grant that Day come, tho' ne'er so late,
For we can't hope a better Fate
While Whigs sit at the Helm of State.

Audi.

Written in a Lady's Pray'r Book.

Pretbee Cælia Cease to Pray,
And throw this useles Book away;
Wou'd you be heard? First learn to hear
A poor unhappy Lover's Pray'r,
Heav'n Deaf to you you'll always find,
While you are so to all Mankind.

The Town Lady to her Foppish Ad- mirer.

AWay, Vain Fool, give all thy Flatt'ries
o'er,
I'm neither Saint, or Angel, but a Whore;

If thou'rt in Love, and Wounded art by me,
I'll be thy kind Physician for a Fee;
Fine Words and Compliments ne'er reach our
Hearts,
We're seldom Wounded, but with Golden Darts.
Money's alone, the God that makes us kind,
For that we give up all you Men can find;
For Gold we show you all Love's pleasing
Crotchets,
But shut our Legs to those that close their
Pockets.

A Fable.

THE Apes, of all Creatures for Mis-
chief most Fam'd,
Whom neither good Nature, nor Whips e'er
reclaim'd;
Sworn Foes to the Lion, but more to his Priests,
With Faction, and Libels, still infected the
Beasts:
But tho' great was their Malice, yet no less
was their Art,
To Dissemble the rancour which lay at their
Heart;
Th' once kill'd an Old Lion, yet the Creature
pretends,
That they to his Off-spring are excellent Friends.
Now, the Tygers, and Panthers, whose brave
Loyal Hearts
Discover'd their Tricks, and detested their
Arts;
Resolv'd to make John Nolens Volens be Just,
Quit Shuffling, and Cutting, and Places of
Trust.
(They
When, in came the Foxes to th' Assembly, and
Were desir'd too to give in their T— or their
N—.

Straight out o' the numerous Tribe starts up One,
Attir'd in a Robe, by weak Eyes took her L---n.
His sides were well Fed; not s' th' Place of
his Birth, (Earth.
For that was confess'd, the worst Corner o' th'
But now he was scour'd from the Lise, and
the Mange,
Left his own barren Soil, in good Pastures to
range.

This made a long Speech, too long to insert,
(Yet as long as it was, He'd say it by H---t.)
But this was the Substance. My Friends let
us be
Most Moderate Senators, 'till We can see
Which side gets the better, and o' that side
are We.

The

This cypress bark'd out, and the Apes clap and grin
At Dull Tygers and Panthers, who knew not to Trim.

Set on a Church Door. By Mr. S. J.

Saint Peter, as some People tell,
In Heav'n's Triumphant Church will sell
A Place for one poor Penny,

Whilst I, Fool like, an Angel gave,
That to a Pew I here might have
A Key, yet have not any.

Say Christian Reader, is't not strange that here,
(When Heav'n let's Cheap) a Place should be so Dear.

On Mrs. E. S. a Fat red fac'd Lady.
By Mr. P.

Bassa frequents the Bath and Wells in vain,
To keep her Nauseous o'ergrown Carcass clean:
In vain she wasts her time in Daub and Dress,
And haunts Perfume Shops for Essences.
She'd better wear her Mask and keep her Chamber,
No Paint can mend her Skin, her Stink no Amber.

To Captain Toby, lately come to England.

Captain, by Wars some People got not one thing;
You got a brace of Wooden Legs; that's something:
Others lost much; but when you next go hence,
Lose both your Legs, you'll lose but Eighteen-pence.

On the Rebuilding of All-Saints Church in Oxon.

I Sing of Wights, whom some Folks call Saints,
Who have begun a Church to All-Saints;
But might have (if they pleas'd) e'er this
Built all the Saints a Church a piece.
The Reason why 'tis in the Mid left
Is this, because they had no Quid left.
Whether a well known Library,
And Books of wooden Memory
Of late new Gilt and Painted be:
Or whether Ticks of hard Digestion
Are clear'd for Sherry, and Sebastian,
Amongst the Curious is a Question.

LONDON, Printed by Tho. Warren, for the Undertakers: And Sold by
H. Montgomery, at the Golden Anchor in Cornhill: Tho. Hodgeson, over-
against Gray's-Inn-Gate, in Holbourn, Booksellers: And B. Bragg, at the
Blue Ball in Avenary-Lane. 1705.

But there stands Domus Orationis,
To beg for Money where there none is,
And shame the undertaking T——
You've seen its Draught by Michael Bur-
ghers,

And there its Cock of Weather Verges
Cloud-high, to such and such a Point;
But faith and Troth there's nothing in't,
Nor ever will, but in the Print.
For since Presbyt'ry runs so stickle,
And Men see things in such a Pickle,
Some judge 'twill be a C——
Make it but shorter by the Steeple,
And it will serve good Christian People.
(As some say) ne'er the worse to meet in,
And hum, and ha, and pray, and sleep in.
And then our Grandsons ten to one,
May see the Pews and Pulpit done,
By then this Age is Dead and gone.

Step to Haymarket, let me die,
'Twould make one Laugh most heartily,
To see how zealously they club
To build a House for Beelzebub.
Whilst This, for Penury of Pence,
Is Church-work in a literal Sense.
For Spiritual Save-alls of the Ch——
Left the L——d's Candle in the Lurch,
Soon as it sunk within the Socket;
And what you'll give to build, they'll P——et.

A Blacksmith's Love-Letter.

I'M the Son of a Tinderbox, if the Sparks,
Struck by your Steel-like Beauty, have
not scorch'd my Heart, and will, I fear,
burn it to a Coal, unless your Ladyship con-
descends to put out the Fire, or let it hiss in
the quenching Snow of your fair Bosom. Tho'
you're as bright as polish'd Steel, be not as
Cold and Hard, but let the Hammer of my
Importunity make some impression upon the
Anvil of your Disdain, or I protest I shall be
quite off the Hooks. To be ingenious with
your Ladyship, I have some Vices which I shall
not easily part with, but they are so few, that
I hope we shall not be unfold'd upon their
account. I am something unpolish'd too, but
when I have once screw'd my self into your
Favour, I shall quickly get the Rust of my
present Condition filed off. Thus have I un-
lock'd the Secrets of my Heart, and hope, by
your Ladyships Answer to be rivett'd in
yours; if not, you will certainly kill him as
dead as a Doornail, who is

Your Ladyships Humble Servant,

Thro' Fire and Smoke

From my Forge at
Hammer-smith.

Smug Seacole.